THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

ONE DOLLAR per annum when taken in Clubs of 20, and a paper gratis to the person getting up the Club.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1410.

Original Poetry.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

'Tis Saturday night, our own calm night,
The stars look down with a purer light
As the evening glides away
To the hour when anew the week is born
In the far off flush of the Sabbath morn,
The first of a holy day.

How many a heart in the world abroad,
Looks up at the stars and blesses God—
This night of the earthly seven;
For though long toil has filled the past,
The Sabbath eve has come at last,
With a sure foretaste of Heaven.

Dull sounds are heard in the trodden street,
Of weary limbs and of aching feet,
That to night from toil shall cease,
And dream of that which yet shall be
When the dawn of man's long destiny
Breaks in eternal peace.

There is many an eye, when the head is prest
To the homely couch of nightly rest,
Looks out from the casement pane,
And fixed on the starry myriads, drinks
Their far off light, while the gazer thinks
If the stars never rest from pain.

If they never tire in their ceaseless round,
Onward and on in the blue profound,
And yearn for the closing even—
If they move not up with a plaintive cry,
Eager and willing and proud to die,
To be but the nearer Heaven!

Bright, beautiful things! Oh! yes, they bear
The burthen of the poor man's prayer,
Yet tireless and unworn,
And shorn not of their guiding might,
They yet rush on, in the closing light,
To break on a Sabbath morn.

Pictures of Life.

BYGONES OF THE BACKWOODS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MIAMI EXPEDITION.

It is now a good many years—so many, indeed, that we are hardly inclined to acknowledge having accompanied the expedition in connection with which the circumstances we are about to relate took place, as we are still upon the list of bachelors—since the United States Government found it necessary to despatch a considerable military force, under the command of General Wayne, to repress the incursions of the Indians who occupied the hunting-grounds contiguous to the north-western frontier of the territory of the republic. The troops consisted of a couple of battalions of regulars and a large number of volunteers, who joined them from their respective townships as they passed along towards the point of concentration—each of the States exposed to the ravages of the Red Men contributing its quota. Having arrived near the scene of action towards the close of autumn, the commander encamped on the northern bank of the Ohio River, within a short distance of the line which bounds, on the western side, the State which bears the same name, and resolved to spend the winter in the discipline of his new levies, with the view of taking the field in the highest possible state of organization early in the ensuing spring, and then deciding the matter at a blow. The result attested the wisdom of this course and the accuracy of his calculations, as the campaign may almost be said to have been confined to the decisive victory obtained on the Miami of the lakes.

On a fine evening, some weeks before the force had arrived at the place where it subsequently took up its winter-quarters, the sounds of angry altercation might have been heard issuing from a group of four individuals, who stood in front of a block-house in a recently-cleared patch of ground, at no great distance from the town of ——, in the State of Tennessee. One of the four was an Indian; of the others, two were young white men, of slender, but hardy and active make; whilst the third, likewise a white man, was evidently the senior of his companions by probably a score of years, and the possessor of a frame whose towering height and brawny and muscular proportions contrasted strikingly with the light and agile forms of the other individuals of the group. The contrast presented in this particular, however, was not more striking than that which existed between the gloomy and vindictive scowl which lowered on his naturally sombre countenance, and the open and honest frankness displayed in the features, though now lighted up with indignation, of at least that portion of the remainder of the party who were his kin in point of color.

"I tell you what, my lads," exclaimed the ominous-looking individual in deep and threatening tones, "one word for all: the shooting-iron's mine by lawful barter; and what's mine I mean to keep, until I meet a better man than myself to take it from me—and I reckon that's neither Charley Simmonds nor Chingowska."

"Either of us is as good so far as manhood goes," replied the young man named as Charley Simmonds, "and the worst of us is far better, if honesty is to be taken into the account. As for the barter you speak of, I suppose it is about as lawful an affair as that with the Green Mountain carrier whom you persuaded to swap his team of oxen against your horse, that he never saw, on your swearing that he was free from disease, leaving him to find out afterwards that the beast had broken his neck down the Sandstone Cliff a week before."

"I make some allowance for your feelings, Charley," rejoined the former speaker, "in regard of my having got inside you in the good-will of Sally Benton; but I don't usually bear so much stirring up, and take it so quietly; so leave off while the play is good, if you're fond of yourself."

"Keep less talk about Sally Benton!" exclaimed with great warmth the white man who had hitherto spoken, and who was brother to the young woman referred to. "She does not like a bone in your body; and if she did, her friends might like to know whether a man that deserted his wife and three children a couple of years ago in Jefferson county is any acquaintance of yours, or whether you ever heard of a sheriff's officer who was found about the same time with a hole through his head that never came there by nature, and that was as like one that a piece of ragged lead would make as the description I got of one Sam Staples, who made himself rather scarce in that clearing just after the occurrence, is like the man that calls himself Bill Tuckett. My ears were not closed when I was down east last fall; so take yourself along more quietly, and look out for a wife somewhere else than in the family of Sally Benton, Master Bill Tuckett, or Sam Staples, whichever you choose to call yourself."

Astonishment, consternation, and rage, were successively depicted in the countenance of the man calling himself Bill Tuckett, who had but recently come to settle in that neighborhood, representing himself as an unmarried man. For several seconds he glared in silent passion on his accuser, and seemed for a time as if about to rush upon him and rend him in pieces on the spot. After a mighty struggle with himself, however, he succeeded in mastering every external appearance of emotion, and even smiled grimly as he replied, "If you had a beard upon your face, young fellow, you might find me dangerous to be talked to after that style. Meantime, I don't like to have my dander riz by a boy that's only fit to be whipped by his mother; so I wish you good night." So saying, he turned on his heel and entered the block-house.

As he passed through the doorway, Charley Simmonds called aloud after him, "I say, Bill Tuckett, don't suppose you are going to make your own of Chingowska's rifle so easily. When we return from the west, you'll hear more about it."

No answer was returned. After a brief pause, the young men, with their red companion, left the spot, and proceed in the direction of the town.

Before they were quite lost to view in the distance, the gigantic frame of Tuckett again appeared in the doorway. The blackness of the thunder-cloud brooded on his countenance as he gazed on their retiring forms in silence for some moments. Then fiercely shaking his clenched fist towards the quarter they had taken, and perhaps unconsciously giving audible expression to his feelings, he exclaimed, "Ay, when you 'return from the west;' but it shall be my care that you *don't* return. No half measures will answer now. The stories that your friend has taken the trouble of collecting down east will cost you all dear out west. 'Tis your blood or mine!"

Had the feelings of the soliloquiser been less excited by his theme, he might have detected at this moment a rustling in the underwood, in which the block-house was partly embosomed, which could not have proceeded from the wind, as not a breath of air was stirring. His faculties, however, were wholly absorbed by the subject of his passion, and after a brief interval, he again disappeared in the house. The next moment a young lad, brother to Charley Simmonds, and his junior by three or four years, emerged from the thicket, and keeping the rear of the building, made his way in the same direction as that already pursued by the other members of the party. He had accidentally been passing at a short distance from the spot, when he was attracted by the sound of voices engaged in angry altercation, as already described, when his youthful curiosity stimulated him to approach and listen, availing himself of the concealment afforded by the bushes. He had been about to withdraw when Tuckett reappeared, and uttered the ominous language just quoted, every syllable of which, amid the stillness and solitude of the place, was borne distinctly to the ears of the listener. He determined of course to take the earliest opportunity of informing his brother of the circumstance, and placing him and his friends on their guard against any treachery that Tuckett might contemplate. A slight alteration of their arrangements, however, of which he remained in ignorance until too late, rendered any communication between them impossible.

All the individuals whom we have introduced to the reader were included among the volunteers who were to join from that township the expedition under General Wayne. The comparatively tender age of the younger Simmonds was not considered a fact of sufficient importance to prevent the gratification of his wish to be allowed to make one of their number, as—though his strength was not yet sufficiently matured for a hand-to-hand struggle—like most of the frontier lads of his years, he was already familiar with the crack of the rifle, and had more than once drawn a trigger on active service. Local circumstances had induced the arrangement, that the party should start for the place of rendezvous in two separate detachments, the first of which, including the four first named individuals—for the Red Man belonged to a friendly tribe, and spent nearly as much of his time in the settlement as on the prairie, and consequently accompanied, as a matter of course, his white friends on the expedition against their common enemy—was to set out on the following morning; and the second, to which the younger Simmonds was attached, in the course of the subsequent week. The altercation we have described, however, rendering the young men little disposed to hold companionship with Tuckett during a march that must occupy from seven to ten days, they resolved on starting that very evening, so as to keep constantly in advance of the party in whose company he was to travel. Accompanied, therefore, by their Indian ally, and some two or three of their more intimate associates, to whom the project was communicated, the little band commenced their journey, and had accomplished nearly a score of miles, when they halted to "camp" for the night. Of this anticipation of their original plan the brother of Charley Simmonds was in ignorance, until, in seeking him, for the purpose of acquainting him with the threat which Tuckett had made use of, he learned that he had already departed.

It is necessary here to explain the original cause of the quarrel of which we have described a part. In the summer of the preceding year, the skill and daring of Chingowska, at extreme peril to his own life, had saved that of an English gentleman who was hunting on a distant prairie, when under the very tomahawks of half a-dozen warriors of a hostile tribe. The grateful Englishman would have been profuse in his liberality towards his gallant deliverer, but the latter would accept of little in the shape of reward. One article, however, in the possession of the former had excited his admiration, and it was evident he regarded it with a longing eye. This was a London rifle, of superior finish and workmanship, which carried a ball half as large again as the ordinary American rifle; and which, sending the deadly missile to the mark with equal accuracy, was certain to bring the game to the ground with a mortal wound at a range so great, that the very best weapon the Indian had ever seen in use on the frontier before would fail to break the skin at a similar distance. Of course the gun, with the bullet-mould, and every other necessary implement connected with it, at once became the property of Chingowska, with the addition of a quantity of powder and lead, and a considerable sum of money. Of the latter, the unfortunate Red Man, like most of his race when similarly circumstanced, spent a part in dissipation among the settlements, and suffered himself to be speedily cheated of the remainder. Fully appreciating, however, the value of his rifle, and its vast superiority to any thing of the kind to be met with in the back woods, he resisted every inducement to part with it in the way either of purchase or exchange, though numerous and tempting offers were made to him upon the subject. But poor Chingowska had his weakness. The fatal vice, the parent of all the follies, misfortunes, and crimes which have almost swept the once noble race to which he belonged from the face of the earth, is a fondness for strong drink. To procure this, Chingowska had already parted with every thing but his beloved rifle. On the evening previous to that on which the dispute we have described took place, Tuckett invited him to his block-house to partake of some rum. The unsuspecting Indian readily fell into the snare. His treacherous host plied him with drink until he sunk in utter insensibility upon the floor; and on his restoration to consciousness at an advanced hour the following day, he was informed, in reply to his inquiry for his rifle, which had disappeared, together with his bullet-mould, that he had agreed the previous evening to dispose of it in barter for the rum which he consumed, and a worthless old shot-gun, which his deceitful entertainer now tendered him. Of course the indignation of the poor defrauded Red Man was excessive; but as Tuckett was prepared for this, and treated his remonstrances with contempt, he was compelled to leave the place without his prized weapon, and carry his complaint to his friends Simmonds and Benton, with whom he had often traversed the forest and the prairie either in the pursuit of game, or on the trail of the hostile Indian. In company with them, he had the subsequent fruitless interview with Tuckett, the particulars of which have been detailed.

On the following morning, the remainder of the first detachment of volunteers commenced their march, and reached General Wayne's encampment in due course, the half dozen who preceded them having arrived on the previous evening. At the appointed time, the second party, including young Tom Simmonds, started for the camp, which they reached without the occurrence of any event essentially connected with the thread of our narrative.

Of course the first inquiry of Tom Simmonds on his arrival was for the quarters of his brother. What was his consternation on being told in reply that his brother and Chingowska were condemned to death by a court martial for the murder of Dick Benton, whose dead body had been found in the wood a couple of miles beyond the lines, and that the sentence was to be carried into execution at daybreak on the following morning!

On recovering from the first stunning shock of the intelligence, he flew at once to the hut in which the condemned men were confined. On attempting to enter, he was repulsed by the sentry, and informed that none could be admitted without an order from the officer who had presided at the court martial before which they had been tried. To seek him out, and obtain the necessary order, occupied a considerable time, and fearfully abridged the period which intervened before the hour at which the sentence was to be carried into execution; reducing to narrow limits, indeed, the space in which alone any effort could be made to avert the frightful doom. It is unnecessary to say that the idea of the remotest possibility of his brother's guilt never once entered the mind of Tom Simmonds.

We need not dwell on the meeting of the brothers. Though the heart of each was full, there was no time for the indulgence of idle lamentation or useless expressions of sorrow, if any exertion was to be made in behalf of the condemned. Tom was soon made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. The body of Benton had been found by some of the men who had gone out in pursuit of game, in the edge of a dense wood, cold and stiff, having evidently been lifeless for several hours. It displayed two wounds, the least of which was mortal. One was a bullet wound right through the body; the other was a tomahawk wound in the head, so deep, that it was evident the axe must have penetrated the skull of the victim to *the very eye of the weapon*. What caused the names of Charley Simmonds and Chingowska to be first connected with the murder was the fact, that immediately after the discovery of the body, a rumor was found to pervade the camp that, on the very night previous to that day, a violent quarrel had taken place between them and the deceased, which had been overheard to result in mutual threats of violence and revenge. This was considered sufficient to fix suspicion on them, and justify their being placed under arrest. At the examination which ensued, the accused men both solemnly denied not only that an angry word had ever passed between them and the deceased, but that they had been beyond the lines on that side of the camp since their arrival at all. At this stage of the proceedings, however, one of the party who had discovered the body produced a strip of fur, a few inches in length, which had been found within a few feet of the spot on which the murder was committed, and which, on being now examined, was found to correspond precisely with a spot from which a similar piece had evidently been recently torn on the hunting shirt of Charley Simmonds, the edges of which were trimmed with fur of a similar description. In fact no doubt could be entertained that it was the identical piece which had been torn from his garment; nor did he attempt to question the fact himself, though quite unable to explain how it came to be found at the scene of the murder. Another of the men now produced a wampum belt, which he stated he had found in the wood not twenty yards from the same spot, but which he had not thought of connecting in any way with the tragical occurrence, until the circumstance of the strip of fur suggested the idea. A single glance at the Indian served to discover that his wampum belt was gone, and his knife and tomahawk suspended from a canvass girdle, which a score of witnesses were ready to prove had not been the case on the preceding day. Poor Chingowska at once recognized his belt, but could furnish no other account of its disappearance from his person than the statement that, having obtained rum from some of the men on the previous evening, he had fallen asleep in a state of intoxication, and missing his belt on awaking, had substituted the canvass one which he now wore.

The result of the examination was the appointment of a court martial for the trial of Simmonds and his red friend for the murder. The circumstances above detailed were adduced for the prosecution, and the prisoners were called on for their defence. It was simple, and consisted of a denial of having ever had a quarrel with the deceased, and of having been in the vicinity of the scene of the tragedy at all. The rumor of the quarrel having been traced to its source, it was ascertained that Bill Tuckett had, on the night previous to the day on which the murder was committed, observed to a comrade that he feared some bad work would follow from the bitter language and violent threats which he had overheard proceeding from the occupants of a hut, which he pointed out, as he was passing along to his own quarters. He did not appear at the time to know who the parties were by whom the hut was occupied, but said that the voices seemed somewhat familiar to his ear, though, from the excited tone in which they spoke, he could not recognise them with sufficient distinctness to name the speakers. Being called on for his evidence at the court-martial, he deposed to precisely the same effect, declining to swear that the voices he heard were really those of the three individuals in question, but pointing out the hut which they had occupied as that from which the sounds had issued; the prisoners themselves admitting that they and their late unfortunate comrade had been its sole occupants from nightfall until sunrise. In support of their denial of ever having had a quarrel, as described, with the deceased, they could therefore furnish no evidence whatever; their own statement to that effect of course going for little against the testimony of a disinterested person. In support of their statement that they had not been in the vicinity of the place in which the murder had been committed, however, Tuckett was recalled, and asked by the prisoner Simmonds whether he had not returned within the lines at an early hour in the afternoon of the day in question, accompanied by Chingowska, passing close by the spot where he, Tuckett, was standing on guard at the *northern* extremity of the camp, whereas the body of the deceased was discovered nearly two miles distant from the *southern* extremity! This circumstance, if proved, would have been strong presumptive evidence in their favor when the particulars of time and distance were taken into calculation; but the reply of Tuckett at once decided the case.

"Sorry I can't help my friends at a pinch," said he; "but no man passed my post entering the camp whilst I was on guard that day."

The surprise of Simmonds was unbounded at this answer; and even Chingowska, who had long been schooled into the habitual control of every symptom of emotion on critical occasions, displayed some marks of astonishment. But the effect produced on the court was fatal to the cause of the prisoners. The apparent scrupulosity of Tuckett in declining to swear positively that the voices which he had heard raised in anger, and the utterance of threatening language, were actually those of the prisoners and the deceased, had disposed the judges to attach considerable weight to his testimony; and the directness and distinctness of his reply to the last question naturally bore down, in their estimation, all the protestations of the accused to the contrary. The circumstance of an article of the dress of each having been found within a short distance of the body of the murdered man, with whom it was believed that they had just quarrelled, and against whom they had indulged in threats of vengeance, would of itself have weighed heavily against them; but when to this was added the damning fact of their having attempted to establish an *alibi*, which was disproved by the very witness whom they cited in its support, the court had little hesitation in coming to the conclusion that they were guilty of the crime laid to their charge, and sentencing them to undergo the punishment of death. The evidence was submitted to General Wayne in due course, who approved of and confirmed both the finding and the sentence.

Having made his brother acquainted with these details, Charley Simmonds stated that the most unaccountable and mysterious circumstance in the entire transaction he considered to be the answer of Tuckett to his question concerning his having passed him while on guard; as not only must he have seen him, but he had actually replied to a word of salutation which Simmonds addressed to him in passing—Chingowska passing him in silence, in consequence of the affair concerning the rifle. The allusion to the rifle immediately recalled the threat of Tuckett to the memory of Tom, the relation of which seemed to Charley to throw a new light on the whole procedure. The hope of life again sprung up within his bosom: a variety of suggestions were proposed and rejected; and Tom at length departed to carry into execution the only plan which held out a possibility of averting the threatened doom of the condemned, and bringing the real assassin to justice.

Proceeding to the quarters of the general, he sought and obtained an audience, laid before him the suspicions he had formed, and the hopes he entertained of being enabled to clear up the mystery, and concluded by begging a brief respite of the sentence, to admit of his making the exertions he proposed. This was at once and decisively refused. It was clear that the general was fully convinced of the guilt of the prisoners; and the utmost that the petitioner could prevail on him to grant, was permission for himself, and any of the troops he might select as his assistants, to pass into and out of the camp, as they might find it necessary, during the night—the ordinary rule being, that none should pass the lines between sunset and sunrise—with leave to approach his, the general's quarters, and have him aroused at any hour previous to that appointed for the execution, should he succeed in discovering anything tending to demonstrate the innocence of his unfortunate brother.

Tom's next step was to collect about a score of his brother's most intimate associates, acquaint them with the measures he meant to adopt, and request their co-operation. Of course the warm-hearted Borderers embarked with enthusiasm in the cause; and in a short time Tom proceeded to the scene of the murder, accompanied by a body of friends whose zeal, combined with the skill, ingenuity and perseverance which the peculiar habits of the life of the backwoodsman naturally endow him with, promised to do all that could be effected by human agency towards securing the consummation of his hopes.

Their first care on arriving at the spot was to ascertain the precise position occupied by the body of the deceased when first discovered. For this purpose they induced the soldier who had made the discovery to accompany the party. Connecting the information obtained from him with the fact that the ball had entered the breast, and passed out between the shoulders, which had been previously ascertained by the examination of the body, they were enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of the quarter *from which* the deadly missile had first proceeded, and, by necessary consequence, of the direction *in which* it had most probably *continued its course* after having perforated the person of its victim. They then dispersed, and commenced a rigid scrutiny of the bark of the neighboring trees in that direction.

The difficulties which obstructed the examination were of no trivial character. It had scarcely commenced, when the sun went down, and night descended. Still, the search must be prosecuted, or the object of their solicitude be abandoned to his fate, as he would assuredly expiate his imputed crime on the gallows at daybreak, if his innocence were not established in the interval. Accordingly, pine-wood torches were prepared, and each individual of the party bearing one, the work went forward. But hour after hour passed away, and still no discovery was made. Midnight approached, and the hopes of the associates became fewer and feebler, and some amongst them began to calculate the period that Charley Simmonds had to live. Still, they toiled on through the livelong night, *resolved* that at all events no effort of theirs should be wanting to avert the horrible fate which seemed to await their old companion.

The gloom of the eastern sky was still unvisited by any symptom of the approaching day, though some of the young men had already begun to cast fearful glances at that quarter of the heavens, when a loud and cheerful shout from one of their number speedily brought his companions to the spot. He pointed to an orifice, the recent nature of which was evident from the rawness of the timber, in the soft trunk of a cotton-wood tree, by probing which with the smaller end of a ramrod, the presence of a foreign body at the depth of a few inches was ascertained. The application of the axe speedily extracted the object, on the nature of which was now suspended the realization of all their hopes, and which proved to be as they expected—a leaden bullet, and that with which doubtless the murder had been committed. Its appearance at once demonstrated two things: the softness of the cotton-wood had so little altered its shape, that the ragged lead proved with the utmost distinctness that it had been discharged from a *grooved barrel*; consequently it could not have been fired by Chingowska, who still carried, in default of a better, the old *smooth bore*, which Tuckett had palmed upon him as already recorded; whilst its size was so great, that it was at once declared that no rifle barrel on the frontier, *save one*, would have admitted it, therefore it could not have been fired by Charley Simmonds, as he was not the possessor of the weapon which formed the exception.

In anticipation of this discovery, and with a view to the possible importance of a moment of time, the party had brought with them from the camp a number of horses. Mounted on the fleetest of these, Tom Simmonds now swept along with the speed of light towards the general's quarters, for life and death indeed depended on the cast. His tale was soon told, and an order for the suspension of the execution procured, the general not hesitating to grant it, on viewing the new features which the case presented; and ten minutes afterwards, he placed the important document in the hands of the commander of the prisoners' guard, as that officer was in the act of delivering over his charge, to be dealt with by the provost-marshal according to their sentence!

At a late hour in the morning General Wayne directed the body of poor Benton to be exhumed for further examination. Every individual experienced in gunshot wounds who viewed it, pronounced the wound which traversed the body to have been beyond all doubt inflicted by a rifle-ball; and now that attention was directed to that point, declared with equal confidence that it was nearly double the size of the orifice which would have been caused by the largest bullet which a gun of the calibre of the ordinary western rifle, such as that carried by Charley Simmonds, would admit. With reference to the wound in the head, it was well known that Simmonds never carried a tomahawk, and it was shown to be physically impossible that it could have been inflicted by that of Chingowska. The axes employed in western warfare, it is well known, are of two kinds—one, the blade of which is narrow, and the edge from point to point long; the other having the face of the weapon short, but its depth from the edge to the eye considerable. That worn by Chingowska was of the former kind. A blow from it must have produced an incision nearly twice the length of that which the head of poor Benton exhibited, and could not possibly have made one much above half its depth. On applying one of the latter description, however, partaking of the form of the wedge rather than the hatchet, it was found to fit the wound with the greatest exactness, so as to leave no doubt that the blow had been inflicted by a similar weapon.

The General inquired whether Tuckett was accustomed to use the tomahawk, and on hearing from a score of persons who were familiar with his habits that he carried one of the latter description, ordered him at once to be placed under arrest.

But that worthy had not been disposed to await the result of the investigation. The camp was searched; but he was nowhere to be found. Some of the heavier and less portable articles of his property were still at his quarters; but it soon became plain that, having heard of the discovery of the rifle-ball, which was certain to bring home the murder to his own door, as the possessor of the only piece on the frontier that would carry one of that size, he had at once absconded, taking with him little besides his arms, including the very rifle which was so essentially connected with the discovery of his part in the catastrophe.

Whilst the excitement was at the highest, a man arrived in camp who had been absent on leave since the morning of the day on which the murder was committed, and who heard of the tragedy now for the first time. On being informed of the circumstantial evidence which had so nearly resulted in the death of the late prisoners, he at once stated that, on the evening previous to his departure, he had seen Tuckett tear a morsel of the fur from the trimming of the hunting-shirt of Charley Simmonds, the latter having thrown the garment aside whilst engaged in some athletic exercise. He thought it odd of Tuckett, he said, but did not interfere, as he considered it no affair of his. The wampum belt of the Indian had doubtless been purloined whilst the owner lay in a state of helpless intoxication, and both deposited for obvious purposes in the place where they were subsequently discovered.

Confounding Daniel with Noah.—When Daniel Webster was in the West, a year or two since, Mr. B——, one of the most conspicuous citizens, on being introduced to the distinguished statesman, addressed him as follows:—

"I have read your *spelling-book and dictionary*, Mr. Webster, but I never before had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

Selected Tale.

THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

In the early part of November, 181–, during one of those short but violent gales of such frequent occurrence on the north-east coast of Scotland, an event took place which is unhappily so common on our stormy shores as to create but a passing sensation, unless circumstances arise to bring it more immediately under our view. The facts were these:—

Early in the morning, a boat manned by five of the "fisher folk" of ——, a father and four sons, went two or three miles out to sea, in pursuance of their constant occupation after the close of the herring season—fishing for haddock, whiting, &c. There was a stiff breeze blowing from the north-west—but such as these hardy men have so frequently to encounter, as to be rendered often too careless of its danger—and nothing appeared to threaten a storm. However, with the sun, as is frequently the case, rose the wind; and with the wind, in a space of time incredibly short to those who have not witnessed it, rose the wild waves, rolling in with a deafening sound upon the iron-bound coast, which speedily became encircled by a belt of white surf, reaching many yards out from the shore, and amid which it was impossible for a boat to live. The fishers perceived the change in the weather, and differed in opinion as to the course they should adopt. Some were for remaining on the open sea, where, unless the storm became very severe, they were in comparative safety; but the old father and his youngest and favorite son urged their immediate return, as the season was too far advanced to permit of any certain reliance on the various prognostics, so well known to the fishers of the coast, which seemed to announce that the gale would have but a short duration. Their council carried the day, for all loved and respected their father; and the young George, the only one of the brothers who had a wife and children, represented that it was due to the helpless ones dependent on him to run no avoidable risk. So the boat's head was turned to land, and the furious gale urged her onwards with fearful speed. Yet to this the hardy men were well accustomed; and they guided her safely, so as to avoid the breaking waters, till they reached the entrance of the bay in which the town of —— is situated, and which by this time presented an appalling spectacle indeed to those who knew their only chance of life lay through those furious and foaming waters.

Still they held on their course, and the little vessel rode gallantly; five minutes more of their swift and perilous career, and the harbor would have been gained. But it was not so to be. Rapidly they neared a dark and dangerous reef of rocks in the middle of the bay. Vainly were strength, and skill, and energy exerted to turn the little vessel from the fearful barrier ahead; the whole force of the Northern Ocean, in its wildest mood, was opposed to their efforts; a mighty wave carried them almost on to the reef; and as the bark heeled over on the returning surge, another and another sweep into her; one smothered shriek—and she is gone!

Those on shore—oh with what [illegible] had watched the gallant but unequal struggle; and now a wild scream arose from many voices, and above all was heard the despairing cry of the young wife—so soon to be a widow—as she sank insensible on the shore. But the boat rises!—she has righted! No: she rises indeed, but keel uppermost; and where are they, so lately straining every manly sinew, and flushed with the struggle for dear life? Twice the waves carry under the devoted bark; but she rises again; and oh! this time there are living forms clinging to her keel!—and three strong men are seen supporting their helpless and insensible old father. By this time a small boat, manned by two noble-hearted fellows, who have ventured in the face of almost certain death, in the hope of rescuing their comrades, has neared them; the waves, too, seem pausing to contemplate their work of destruction. There is a momentary lull, during which the four men so wonderfully rescued are placed in the little boat by their deliverers, the old man to all appearance a corpse. But where is the fifth—the youngest born—the pride of his father's heart? Alas! in vain do the gallant fellows linger among the foaming breakers till every hope has fled, and their own imminent danger forces them from the spot. He is gone; and when the speedily-subsiding waters (for the storm did not last above four hours) permitted a search to be made for the boat, a corpse was found, wrapped in the sail as in a winding-sheet. He had evidently made a gallant struggle for life; for a clasp knife was found clenched in his dying grasp, and the sail was partly ripped open; but its deadly folds had encircled him too firmly, and the choking waters did the rest.

I heard a lamentable account of the despair of the poor young widow, thus deprived of the companion of her life, and the sole means of support for herself and her three infants, and I was anxious to visit her; but my trusty Jean, whom I had despatched with offers of service to the bereaved family, dissuaded me from it.

"Eh, mem," she said, "dinna gang, dinna gang. She kens maistly naebody, puir thing, and it's awfu to see her greet; and she's whiles no sensible forby, and canna thole onybody near her."

So I waited to hear that the first violence of her despair had worn itself out, for I very much doubted my own powers of consolation; and who but One, indeed, *could* console in such grief as here? However, after a time, I heard she had been partly brought to her senses by the illness of her baby, who, deprived of its natural sustenance by the blow that had shaken the very heart-strings of its poor mother, had been at the point of death. However, it was now better; and the young widow, recalled to the consciousness that there existed yet a greater depth of anguish than that in which her reason had almost forsaken her, became calmer and more composed, at least in outward appearance; and hearing this, I set out one day, about three weeks after the fatal accident, to visit her.

It was in the beginning of December; yet the weather in this fitful climate takes no heed of the ancient division of the seasons, and the day was bright and balmy as in early spring. It seems to me as if nature had assigned to these northern regions as many fine days, or nearly so, during the year, as fall to the portion of happier climates; but they are in some mysterious manner so strangely jumbled, that many a wintry day chills us in the midst of summer, while those belonging to a more genial season sometimes make their appearance unexpectedly among the blasts and frosts of autumn or winter. One of these stray children of summer was gilding and beautifying the wild country through which I had to pass, on my way to the little fishing town of ——. The level beams of a December sun threw a rich golden light over a large extent of bare but highly cultivated country; the plough was merrily a-field among the stubble, the lark was singing high in the clear air, and the smoke ascended from many a humble hearth, and scarcely wavered in its upward course, while the scene was bounded by the blue and waveless ocean, dotted here and there with a white sail; and in the far distance, the outline of the hills of Caithness stood out sharp and defined against the cloudless sky. As I neared the sea, and caught a fuller view of the coast, the whole of the Moray Firth opened before me in a panorama scarcely to be surpassed on British shores. But I thought little of these familiar scenes as I drove on; my thoughts were bent on the errand I had undertaken; and as I slowly descended the precipitous road leading to the picturesque seaport of ——, I tried to arrange in my mind a few consolatory sentences, feeling all the while how ineffectual my own happy experience would render aught I could say to soothe such sorrow as I was about to witness—for heart must speak to heart in grief; and if the corresponding chord have not been awakened in our own bosom, it is in vain we strive to calm the throb of anguish which vibrates to agony in the breast of another. So I resolved to speak only the words that should suggest themselves at the moment, and to attempt nothing more.

The little town of —— is very remarkably situated; nestling, as it were, under high and beetling crags, which scarcely leave room for the cottages of the fishermen to stand, dotted here and there in picturesque confusion, under the precipitous cliff. The one to which I bent my steps, stood on a high bank leading up from a terrace bulwark, which had been built to resist the encroachments of the mighty waters, now slumbering, with scarce a ripple on their surface, in the broad bay before me. As I turned to ascend some steps leading to the door, I saw a gathering of many persons, and ropes, nets, fishing-boots and gear of that description lying on the green, round which the crowd had assembled, talking earnestly, but in subdued tones. Not thinking that this had any connection with the object of my visit, I knocked at the low door, and an elderly woman, the mother of the dead man, appeared.

"Eh, mem, but it's real gude o' you to come and see us in our sorrow—come ben to the fire;" and she busied herself in placing a chair for me in the kitchen, where a peat fire, burning in an open *lum*, which allowed more than half the smoke to find its way into the room, rendered it so dark, that I had seated myself before I perceived, close to me in the "ingle neuk," the figure apparently of a young girl, who, loosely wrapped in a dark-blue bed-gown, with her long dark hair half concealing her face, was sitting on a low stool, and holding a little infant in her arms, over which she was murmuring a faint sound that might have been a fragment of song.

I started at finding myself unexpectedly so close to another person, and the girl fixed a pair of large dark eyes steadfastly upon me for a moment, and then dropping her head again on her bosom, resumed her low chant. I turned to the woman who was standing near me, and said, "I called to see poor Jessie—how is she?"

"'Deed an' it's a sair day wi' her the day—No but a' days are sair and heavy noo; but ye see they're roupin' puir Geordie's bits o' nets an' siclike, an' it aye brings back the sorrow upon her."

"Can I see her?" I said.

"Surely, mem, surely. *She's there out-by!*"

An indescribable feeling came over me, as I turned to the poor creature, and again met her steadfast gaze. I tried to speak, but a choking sensation in my throat told me the attempt would be vain; and for a moment nothing was heard in the cottage but that low *crooning* sound—the wail of a broken heart.

"She's quite quiet, noo, mem, an' sensible," said the mother, who I fancied attributed my emotion to fear of the poor creature. "She hasna grat ony sin' the bairnie took ill; but she's a hantle better noo;" and then I saw that the poor baby was attempting to find the nourishment of which its mother's agony had deprived it.

"She is a healthy-looking little baby," I said, feeling I must say *something*, and taking the tiny hand in mine, "how old is she?"

"Ten weeks, mem. She was seven weeks the day her father went."

Another glance from those dark eyes; but no sound except the low moaning song.

"It is a heavy trial, indeed," I said, speaking more to my own thoughts than to those near me. "A heavy and bitter trial; but she will have her children to look to, and she will not want for friends;" and I felt at the moment, as if I could almost have gone down to the deep myself to have given back to that poor creature the one object of her lowly love.

"No, mem, that winna she: she winna want while puir Geordie's auld father an' mither hae a pickle meal to gie her. But trouble's sair for the likes o' her, but twenty one years of age—it's sair e'en upon me, the mither o' him: but I hae been a fisher's daughter, an' sister, an' wife, an' mither; an' in fifty-three years I hae lost father, an' brithers, an' friends by the sea—an' noo my bairn, my youngest"—and here two tears rolled down her brown and wrinkled cheeks, but she heeded them not, and continued—"An' I'm *used* to the trouble: but it maun be sair upon her at the first."

No look this time—no sign that she took the slightest interest in words which, in their touching simplicity, called forth irrepressible tears from me—only that ceaseless song.

"Sure, indeed," I said at last. "But He who afflicts will comfort in His own good time."

"Ay will He, mem; an' He does; an' I hae proved it to my comfort, an' I hope to my saul's gaid," said the old woman, reverently. "An' He has blessed us in this, in giving us our puir Geordie's corp. We hae laid him in the kirkyard, by our ain folk, an' that's muckle to think o'; for it's sair when ye canna think o' them that's gane as at rest; and when the broad sea itsel' seems a' like a grave."

What could I say to this? Would it not have been vain indeed to offer consolation to one who knew so well where to find it for herself; and in the depths of her own earnest and pious spirit, has found words, so poetical in their unaffected simplicity, with which to express her feelings? So in the hope of at length rousing the poor stricken creature beside me, I asked for the other children.

"The lassie's awa' at her aunt's, mem, but Geordie's near by the house: puir wee Geordie, he's gotten the name o' his father!"

The old woman went to the door, and returned with a tiny, curly-headed child—the eldest of the three—who was crying silently; but evidently from some deep feeling.

"What is't, Geordie, my wee man?" said the grandmother—for the mother never even raised her eyes.

A burst of sobbing was the only reply for some minutes; and at last, one by one struggled out the words—"Muckle Willie's awa'—wi' daddie's claes—an' he says—they're no daddie's noo—an' he's gaun to keep 'em!"

I could not stand this; so hurriedly thrusting the trifle I had brought for the relief of the poor creatures into the cold hand that hung passively near me with a murmured "God bless and comfort you all"—for I could not trust myself to speak—I found myself in the fresh air, and tears came to my relief.

Oh, blessed be His name who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless! Were it not for this hope, how could the heart even *know* of such misery, and not break?

Selected Poetry.

PEACE.

[The following acrostic on Peace was written on Long Island, N. Y., in 1815, immediately on the arrival of the news of Peace between the United States and Great Britain. It was printed in a New England newspaper. It is now naturally called to mind by the ratification of peace between the United States and Mexico, by the celebration of peace in Philadelphia, and especially by the word PEACE made luminous on some of the public buildings.—*North American.*

P

PEACE! How charming is the sound!
Peace desired now is found,
Peace with nations, happy peace,
Peace on earth shall still increase.

E

Earth which once was whelmed with flood,
Earth which drank the warrior's blood,
Earth rejoice in peace again,
Earth with heaven shall sing its reign.

A

Angels may assist our song,
Angels will the praise prolong,
Angels anthemed peace on earth,
Angels sung the Saviour's birth.

C

Christ descended from above,
Christ inclined by boundless love,
Christ hath bound old Satan's head;
Christ our peace with God hath made.

E

Endless peace with endless love,
Endless joy in heaven above;
Endless as the angel's songs;
Endless praise to God belongs.

☞ An Irishman, trying to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out: "Och, murder! the devil a wick's in it." This reminds us of a printer from the country on his coming to work in a city office, and wishing to light the gas, asking the foreman if he would "show him how to touch off them candlesticks."

True Love.—"My darling, will you take a little of the—a—the stuffing?"

"I will, dear, if you do; but if you don't, I won't."—*Punch.*

Original Tales.

THE PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY," "DAVID HUNT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Had you seen those two men as they sat down together, you would have thought they had been old friends for twenty years.

The stranger told his story in a few words, for he saw by the business appearance of the office that it was no place for long speeches, and the Commissioner listened attentively.

"And where is the poor woman now?" he questioned, when the man paused in his narrative.

"She is here waiting in the street—I brought her with me."

"I will see her myself; one minute, and I am ready."

The Commissioner took up his hat, crossed the room, spoke a few words to the woman who sat weeping on the sofa, told an old man who stood waiting by the door, that he would return in a very few minutes and attend to him, then with a light, active step he left the room, followed by the stranger.

They found Mrs. Chester in the carriage, grasping the cushion beneath her head with both hands, and muttering wildly to herself. The last few hours had brought her disease into its most malignant state. She was incapable of a single connected thought.

The Commissioner stepped into the carriage, and helped to arrange the cushions.

"She is delirious; it is the fever. Typhus, I should think, in its worst form," he said. "She must have prompt care."

"She must, indeed," replied the stranger. "The noise, the hot sun, all are making her worse."

"And you do not know her name?"

"No; she has muttered over several names, but I could not tell which was hers."

"Nor her home, of course?"

"No; I found her in the street as I have told you."

"It is strange. She seems like an American—but she must be cared for, at any rate. It seems a pity to send her to the Hospital, but I can do no better."

"You will send her there!" exclaimed the stranger, joyfully.

"The policeman talked of the place they call the Tombs."

"No, no, she is no person for that, I am certain," exclaimed the Commissioner. "I only wish we had the power of doing more than can be expected at Bellevue, but certainly [illegible] no worse place than that."

"Oh, thank you!" said the stranger gratefully.

"I will write out an order of admission, with a few lines to the resident physician at Bellevue. Nothing more can be done, I am afraid."

"Oh, that is a great deal—every thing, in fact—of course she will have every care in an institution where you have control."

The Commissioner looked grave, but did not answer that over the Bellevue Hospital his power was merely a name—that he could grant supplies, and give directions, but having no real authority whatever over subordinates appointed by the Common Council, those orders could be disobeyed at pleasure, and the supplies used at discretion. He did not say that, while the Mayor had absolute power over nine hundred men, for whom he was scarcely responsible, he, with a more important trust, and where the interest of five thousand poor was concerned, could not, for the most flagrant misconduct, discharge the lowest man about the department of which he was the bonded and responsible head. Had this been otherwise, the scenes we are about to describe at that Hospital had never existed as they in solemn truth have existed within the remembrance of the writer.

"Will you, sir, you who have done so much," said the Commissioner, anxiously, "will you conduct her yourself to Bellevue? The van will go up soon, but there are several persons to be sent up, and she does not seem of the usual class."

"I will go with her, of course," replied the stranger, resuming his seat in the carriage with benevolent alacrity, while the Commissioner returned to his office and hastily wrote a letter to the resident physician, beseeching him to bestow especial care on the unknown patient who seemed so ill, and so completely alone in the world.

The Commissioner had been in his office several hours after seeing the carriage drive away, when there entered two little girls, hand in hand, who stood timidly at the door, frightened by the number of persons present. The contrast between these children—the singular beauty of one, the still more remarkable deformity of the other, struck the Commissioner forcibly. He felt his eyes bent upon them while speaking to another person, and the moment he was disengaged, beckoned the little girls toward him. There was something in the beautiful face of the taller but evidently youngest child, that reminded him of the sick woman he had sent away but a few hours before.

The children came up and he could then see that both had been weeping. The little deformed girl went close to him, for poor Isabella was beginning to cry again. Tears were in the little girl's voice as she related the sad events that had brought them at last to the Commissioner's office in search of the mother who had wandered away in her delirium, no one could tell how or where. Kindly and gently the Commissioner questioned her regarding the home they had left, and the means of support that existed for them. He learned all the desolation that death had left. The poverty from which that poor woman had unconsciously fled. Then with kind and encouraging words he told the children where the mother and benefactor might be found.

Oh, the wild, the bitter joy of that moment. She was alive—alive! They should see her again—stand by her bed side. She would look at them—speak to them. They clung to each other, the sobs they could not suppress, filled the room. The Poor House. They were going to the Poor House! What was that to them. She was there, and with her they could lie down and sleep once more. It was better thus. The landlord had taken possession of their home. They told him to keep the scant furniture, every thing they had, and after that the home of those poor children was the street. The Poor House. It had a pleasant sound to them. That was a home from which no landlord could send them forth.

"You will not let them take us away from her—we may all stay together?" said Mary.

The Commissioner mused, it was unusual, but he resolved to request the superintendent that those children might not be taken from Bellevue until the mother should be pronounced out of danger—or should be no more. He wrote to this effect, and with his own hands placed the children in the stage that was to convey them to Bellevue.

The carriage which bore Mrs. Chester to the only home left to her, paused before the gates at Bellevue, the gloomy and prison like buildings loomed in heavy and sombre masses, before the stranger, as he leaned from the carriage to deliver his order to the gate keeper. The Hospital with its walls of dark stone, blackened by age, the wings sweeping out, and the main building lowering above the massive walls, all struck him with a feeling of gloom. It seemed like a prison that he was entering. The Hospitals were drear to him, and the dull heavy atmosphere seemed full of contagion. He looked at the poor creature thus unconsciously brought there, perhaps to die, and his heart swelled with compassion.

The gate swung open, and down a paved causeway leading to the water, bounded on one side by a high stone wall, and on the other by a bakery and various workshops belonging to the institutions, the carriage was driven. The wharf in which this causeway terminated, was full of lounging inmates, some attempting to fish in the turbid water, others leaning half asleep against the wall, and others grouped together, not in conversation, but lounging lazily in the sunshine.

Before it reached this wharf the carriage turned and was driven through an iron studded gate in the wall, to an open and paved court that ran along the front of the main Alms House. The hospitals were some distance back of this building, but here the sick and dying must be brought first, for their names were to be registered in the Alms House books before they could be permitted to die in peace.

As the carriage drove in, up came the swarm of idlers from the wharf, dragging themselves heavily along, and laughing stupidly at the ponderous gambols and grimaces of a huge idiot boy, who, on seeing a new arrival, rolled rather than walked up from the water with his hand extended, and crying out—money—money. It was all the language the poor creature possessed. He had learned to beg, and that was knowledge enough for him. In every thing else he was the merest animal that crawled the earth. Yet this uncouth lad the other paupers followed as they would a dog or any tame creature, whose gambols broke the monotony of their idleness.

Up came this idiot boy to the carriage, leering in upon its suffering inmate and rolling from side to side, with his hand out, and mumbling that one word over and over between his heavy lips; and up came the gang of paupers, gazing in also with stupified curiosity.

It was well for Jane Chester that she could neither see nor hear all this—that the fever had grown strong enough to shut out all the real world to her heated senses! As it was, the sight of those miserable objects did create some new and more harrowing pain. She began to murmur of the torment to which she had been consigned—of the strange, heavy fiends so unwieldy and coarse that had taken her in charge. Every event of that fearful day was absolutely thrusting her a step nearer to the grave.

Just as the driver had dismounted from his seat and was about to open the door, the Alms House van came tumbling along the pavement and into the court with another freight of misery. Along by the carriage and nearer to the entrance rolled the ponderous black vehicle, and out from its tomb-like depths were taken forth the men and women, that an hour before had been lying so helplessly on the benches at the Commissioner's office.

One by one these poor creatures were carried up the steps, and after them rolled the idiot, calling out—money, money—as if the emigrants whom England consigns to our charity, had anything but their own miserable life to give away.

And now with the heat, the noise, and the motion of the carriage, our poor invalid became almost frantic; she struggled with the stranger—she called wildly for Chester—and would have cast herself headlong to the pavement, for in her hallucination she fancied that the pauper gang were carrying away her husband.

They bore her into the Alms House in a fit of momentary exhaustion.

Her name and history was a blank in the Alms House books. Her lips were speechless—her [illegible]—nameless, homeless; and thus was she there registered.

And now came two men to bear her to the Hospital—one was old with grey hairs, who tottered beneath his burdens; and the other a pale lad, who had just recovered from the fever. Out through the back entrance down a flight of steps into the hot sunshine, again they bore the helpless woman, her garments sweeping the pavement, and her pale hand sometimes striking the stones as they passed along.

But there was no bed for her yet; another registering was to be made. In the Hospital office a pauper clerk had charge; and to his investigation the invalid must be consigned. He was no physician certainly; but the Hospital was divided into wards—each ward having its own class of diseases—and it was this man's prerogative to decide what particular malady afflicted each patient, and to assign the proper ward. The two men placed Mrs. Chester in a chair, and the stranger stood behind it supporting her head upon his arm.

The clerk had entered the blank order upon his books, and now came forward to examine the patient.

"Put out your tongue!" the order was given in a peremptory tone, worthy the captain of a Down East militia company. Poor Mrs. Chester—she opened her wild eyes and looked at the man. "Your tongue, woman! open your mouth—don't you hear?"

Jane Chester unclosed her parched lips, and revealed her tongue; the edges red, as if they had been dipped in blood—and down the centre, like an arrow, lay the disinterred incrustations of fever.

The clerk shook his head and laid his hand upon the low and sinking pulse.

"Low, very low. Just gone of consumption—no doubt of it—Phthrisis pulmonalis—a bad case—very. Take her into the wing!"

"I should doubt—if you are not a physician, sir," said the stranger, mildly, "I should venture to doubt, if this lady is not suffering from fever—not half an hour ago, her pulse could hardly be counted; now you fear that each beat will be the last! These terrible changes—do they bespeak consumption?"

"I have pronounced upon her case!" replied the clerk, "but it makes no difference. Let her go to the fever ward. If the doctor don't agree with your opinion, sir, she can be sent to the wing!"

"She requires prompt care!" interposed the stranger, "I am no physician."

"Then you are not an M. D.," cried the clerk, with a look of annoyance that he should have yielded to anything less than a professional man.

"No, but it is quite certain that all this moving about from place to place is killing the poor lady. She requires the greatest tranquility, I am sure!"

"Well, well, remove her to number ten," said the clerk, addressing the persons who had brought Mrs. Chester in. "The doctor will see to her when he goes his rounds!"

The two men raised Mrs. Chester in their arms, and carried her up a flight of broad stairs, and through a neighboring passage, till the stranger, who looked earnestly after them, could no longer see the faint struggle with which she sought to free herself, or hear the moan which broke the name of Chester, as it trembled on her pallid lips.

The stranger drew a deep breath as she disappeared, and turned back to the office greatly oppressed by all that he saw. The clerk was leaning back in his chair, drumming with his fingers upon the seat. Living in the very atmosphere of misery, he felt but little of the painful compassion—the mingled horror and pity which almost overwhelmed that benevolent stranger.

"You are sure, quite sure, that this poor lady will be well cared for," said the kind man, addressing the clerk. "Here is money, I would give more, but being some distance from home I may require all that I have—see that she wants for no little comfort that can be bought!"

The clerk's eye brightened as he saw the money.

"Oh, be sure, sir, she shall have every care."

"I have a letter for the resident physician—where can he be found?"

"Oh, he has just started for the island in his boat. The Mayor and his family, with some friends, dine at the Insane Asylum, and he has gone with them. You might have seen his yellow flag on the water as you came in."

"And when will he return to the Hospital?"

"Oh, in a day or two; his rooms are in the other building, but he usually walks over the wards once or twice a week!"

"Once or twice a week! Why I heard that the ship fever was raging here. That the hospitals were crowded, and many of your doctors sick!"

"Well, no one disputes that, the hospitals are crowded—half the patients are on the floor now, and some of the assistants are sick enough!"

"And your resident physician only passes through these hospitals once or twice a week—who attends to the patients?"

"Oh, the young doctors, of course!"

"And are they experienced men?"

"Some of them are graduates, almost half, I should think."

"And the rest?"

"Why, all have studied a year or two."

"And do these men—who have only studied a year or two, students yet—prescribe for the patients?"

"Certainly, why not? They must begin sometime, you know."

"And will this poor woman, laboring as she is under an acute disease, be placed under the care of a mere student?"

The clerk mused before he answered. "Let me see, number ten—yes, young Fowlief has charge there. It is his turn in the fever ward. He has never graduated, I believe."

"And has he had no practice among fevers?"

"Oh, yes, he has been three days in number ten, and one sees a good deal of fever in three days, I can tell you."

The stranger turned away sick at heart.

"Let me see," he said, in a broken voice, "let me see the nurse who is to take care of the person I brought here."

The clerk called to a lame pauper who was limping through the building, and ordered him to call the nurse from number ten. The old man went with difficulty up the stairs that led from the hall, and soon returned, followed by a stout and dissipated looking woman of forty, who still retained in her swollen features traces of intelligence and early refinement that redeemed them in some degree from positive brutality.

A look of fierce and settled discontent lay on this woman's features, which was aggravated by the dress of dark blue that fell scant and ill shaped around her portly figure, and was fastened tightly over the bosom with a succession of coarse horn buttons that but half filled the yawning button-holes.

This woman approached the stranger with a dogged and sullen air.

"Is it you that wants me?" she said, looking restlessly at him. "The man said somebody wanted to see the nurse!"

"And is this woman a nurse to the sick. Is she to have the charge of this poor lady?" questioned the stranger, turning to the clerk.

"That is the nurse, and I hope she suits you, for you seem hard to please in anything," answered the clerk, crustily. "She is one of the best women in the Hospital, at any rate!"

The stranger turned his mild eyes upon the woman with a grave and pained look.

"I sent to ask your kindness for the poor lady that has just been carried to your ward," he said, "of course you are well paid by the city; but I am willing to reward you for extra care in this case!"

"Well paid by the city!" cried the woman, with a fierce and sneering laugh, "oh, yes, hard work and prison fare at the Penitentiary—harder work and pauper fare when they send us here for nurses. That is the pay we get from the corporation for nursing here in the fever. If we die there is a scant shroud, a pine coffin and potter's field. That is our pay, sir!" and the woman folded her arms, laughing low and dismally.

"The Penitentiary, what does she mean?" enquired the stranger, greatly shocked.

"Oh they come from the Penitentiary, these nurses," said the clerk. "The corporation have to support the prisoners, you know, and the hospitals all get their help by law from Blackwell's [illegible]"

"And is this woman a prisoner?"

"A prisoner, to be sure I am—you don't take me for a Poor House woman, I hope," cried the nurse—"I haven't got to that yet—nobody can say that I was contemptible enough to come here of my own accord."

There was something too horrible in all this.—The stranger sat down and drew out his purse with a suppressed groan.

"Here," he said, giving some money to the woman, "this will pay you for a little kindness to the poor lady. In the name of that God who has afflicted her, see that she has proper care."

The woman's face softened. For one instant some remnant of half-forgotten pride made her hesitate to take the money, but this was soon conquered, and she reached forth her hand clutching the money eagerly.

"I will take care of the lady, sir, never fear," she said; and for the moment, she really intended to perform her promise.

"Do, and when you lie ill as she does, God be merciful to you as you are to her!" said the stranger, solemnly, and taking his hat he went forth with a sad countenance. Gently, and like one of those angels that visit us unawares, this man entered upon the pages of our story—nameless, unknown, but meek in his Heavenly charity, he disappeared from the Alms House, and those whom he had aided never saw him again.

CHAPTER XII.

And poor Mrs. Chester, half dying, and quite insensible, was borne into the fever ward of that close and crowded Hospital. Number ten was a large airy room, capable of holding twenty patients with comparative comfort, but now the fever was raging fiercely. Near six hundred sick crowded those gloomy walls, and in the room where twenty persons might have been almost comfortable, eighty poor creatures were crowded and huddled together, breathing the infected air over and over again till their struggling lungs were poisoned and saturated with the deadly atmosphere. Close together, along the walls, were ranged the narrow wooden cots, with their straw beds, and coverings of coarse cotton check. And close together on these contracted couches—the meagre causeway from which many of those poor creatures were lifted to a pauper's grave, the patients were huddled, suffering in all stages of that fierce and terrible disease, the malignant typhus.

There the sufferers lay,—their death couches jostling, the hot poison of their breaths mingling together, and spreading a dank miasma from bed to bed.

Some were in the first creeping stages of the disease, flattering themselves that it was only a little cold they had taken—others were shivering with the cold and deathly chill that glides like the icy trail of a serpent down the back; the limbs aching as with travel, toil, and the brain literally on fire with the settling poison; others were fierce and mad with delirium—within a few hours their faces, their breasts and arms had turned of a dull copper color, the strongest and unmistakable sign of that most deadly form which typhus can take, the malignant ship fever. The poor creatures rolled to and fro on their narrow couches, tearing out the straw with their hot and quivering fingers, or twisting the soiled sheets with a feeble and shaking grasp. Some were calling for water, and praying in piteous tones for mountains of ice, cold bright ice to fall down and bury them.

Others were still farther advanced in the terrible disease, and lay with the last heavy clouds of delirium resting upon the brain like a floating mist. Pale, emaciated and motionless—these spoke in faint whispers of the husbands and children whom they had left, it seemed to them years before, and of whom they faintly pleaded for tidings. Oh, it was piteous to see those that, weaker still, lay more helpless than infants. The tears rolling mournfully from their meek eyes, and unable to utter the enquiries that kept their white lips in constant motion but gave to them no sound.

More than one lay in the death throe stretched back upon the one meagre pillow, their hands groping in the air, and their glazed eyes rolled upward to the ceiling while the under jaw dropped lower, lower—leaving the mouth half open never to be closed again.

And one lay dead upon her couch—stiffening there unheeded. The God of heaven only knowing at what moment the breath left her body.

Scant and miserable as were those pauper beds, enough for all to die upon could not be found at the Hospital, so blankets had been cast upon the floor and upon them were laid the sick, till the whole ward was completely littered with human misery. Over this scene came the glaring daylight, for to the windows were neither blinds nor shutters, nothing but a square of gingham through which the sunshine poured upon the aching eyes of the sick.

They laid Mrs. Chester among those who moaned and writhed upon the floor. Nothing but the rough folds of a blanket lay between her delicate limbs and the hard boards—amid the moans of pain, the ravings of delirium, and the faint death rattle that rose and swelled upon the horrid atmosphere they laid her down. The student physician [illegible]

been his reside that day, and as she was left to the care of the servant. Then she commenced quite accountings of the horrors that surrounded her, till the scene came back from her interview with the benevolent stranger. Then wonder gradually merged into admiration, and the touch seemed to give a glow of animal pleasure to her features as she thought how very thought the prettiest girl she.

A woman some years younger than herself, but with less of character in her face, stood near the door. She approached this woman and softly unclasping her hand revealed the money.

"What! there more but two *last* day, and you did not find that darkness. I searched thoroughly myself and neither of them had a cent."

"Never mind where it came from. You shall have a shoe before to-morrow corner, but remember I have got to work for it yet. What is the matter that you brought it?"

"What, the cholic worse, with all that beside! Info me, is somewhere about here, on the floor, I believe?"

"She must have a cot, I am determined on it," said the elder sister, resolutely. "Those who pay so much for rent should be civil, and Mrs. Chester knows how easy though the proprietor took searching eggs- by for Mrs. Chester. Then, here, here is some one coming, telling softly to herself—now let us see what can be done about a bed."

The woman moved from cot to cot, going on the inmates, not with pity, she was used to their misery, but eagerly searching for a bed that promised soon to be empty. Her eyes fell upon the corpse that lay within a few paces of Mrs. Chester, and she approached the cot with gleeful alacrity, saying to her companion, "Oh, here is an empty bed, I thought it would not be long before we found something for her to lie on besides the floor. Oh and call Cosby!"

The younger arose went out, and directly there came two men into the room bearing a rude pine coffin between them. They lifted heavily along the floor, knowing the coffin now and then against a cot till it joined the corpse beside, and then they carried it down the whole length of the ward. They deposited the rude thing within half a yard of the blanket on which Mrs. Chester lay, and then went out, leaving the woman to arrange the bed of its mournful burden. The younger nurse had brought with her a small shroud, of the coarsest muslin, and there in the midst of the sick, was of the women put this grave garment on, while the other sensibly searched in the bosom of the corpse and under the pillow for any little valuable that the poor woman might have saved for her death bed. After groping about awhile the younger woman drew forth her hand with a few shillings. It contained a bit of brown paper soiled and crumpled in a heap. A hasty note! what else could it be? The two looked at the paper and at their eyes glistened. It was not often that they found such news about the fallen-pregnant. How they longed to examine it then and there! But the sick were not all unconscious, and the young woman stood, the treasure into her bosom, while paring as she stepped down to smooth the shroud.

"Is! and how-of dreams we go fallen to-day?"

"That is fair and sheer beam!" replied the other, folding the note of the dead upon her person. "I know how they had robbed, "there now, call in the men!"

Again those two men came tramping heavily among the sick. There was some hustle and a little lasting as they placed the poor corpse in its rude coffin, and when they bore it out one of the men carried in a board on which there had been laid her over the room. If there was much chance of their being wanted again within an hour or two.

The elder nurse looked around upon the cots, and was aware that it was very likely, but that the next coffin need not be ordered from another undertaker's.

The two women followed the coffin out, and when quite alone in the passage they fell to examining the value of their prize.

"There must be two bills," said the younger beginning to unfold the little parcel, "what is each of them should be a sure, says the captain of the ward."

But these words were followed by a short and scornful laugh, accompanied by the act of the most fearful thing on the lips of a woman. The array of mixed tissue paper contained both of gray bills and only that, a both perhaps of the father's fair when the poor emigrant had left behind her in our Ireland. That was the prize these two ignorant women so eager to divide.

"Never mind, since it here all is hard think" said the elder nurse, striking her bosom. "Here will be enough, with that the doctor allows us for the patients, to give us one glorious night. Just help me lift the woman into bed, and then the round in the consumption wards and across the way—see what's better, whisper a word in Cosby, and will hide to come, and make the most of the chaps again before midnight."

The young woman, not appearing her disappointment by casting the last of her eyes on the floor, and grinding it silently beneath her heel, shoe, became somewhat consoled. But she suddenly expressed a determination to find out what of the drink, if she were stupid to rob every patient in the ward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Army Story.

AN AMERICAN SENTINEL.

A THRILLING incident has lately written a book about the Mexican War, in which he tells the following story—showing how a party of officers, who had been off to a Mexican hacienda, were rescued by the sentinel:

"On the packet guard, at the pass that night was, among others, one Private Smith, whose name was Satin. Now, Satin was a small man with an intelligent countenance, keen eye, an pleasant appearance; fond of a joke, and plays himself, at all times, at performing shortly the duties of a soldier at every particular. He had heard the colonel's commands to the guard mentioned before, and, as the night was supposed that he was walking the narrow pass to and fro with his loaded carbine at a support. His comrades were at a little distance, usually asleep around the guard fire, or the night was cold. The office of the guard had, apart the line of his duty, in the pass, and gone into the tents of the rest, guard, as usual before, about the time when the white cones of tents shone in the moonlight by two; but there were no lights there, for all were asleep. Round the camp there was a wide circuit of the coming party, before he saw them. It stood east. They came from their interior in front. "Who comes there?" he challenged, in a quick, loud and forcible manner, for he was used to a halt in an instant. "Friends," was the reply "Advance friends, and give the countersign!" "We have not got it," the voice replied. "Lieutenant Smith, acting adjutant, and—" "Halt, and remain where you are!" quickly replied the sentinel, with a very significant motion to his musket. "Corporal of the guard, turn out!" he exclaimed, while the colonel, behind, heard, this was much surprised to hear not better up, as see it out. The adjutant commenced to speak again, but the sentinel would hear nothing but the countersign; and when that was had more and Colonel Thomas knew Satin by his voice, and bundle, recall, in the moonlight, not him by sight, and was really pleased to see his faithful performance of orders. After a pause to some moments in which he thought the lieutenants had been sufficiently troubled for not having the countersign he advanced up to them and said, "Now, sir, I am pleased to see you to pass; and one by one—two by two, if you please—for I must see you all, and be sure that you are all there officers; for officers should set an example to the men, and not be reckless. Let these gentlemen in, and no good upon it, we think much more of you for your firmness." Here he was interrupted by the officer behind him, in reply to this. "The fellow is right—not a step further, sir, till I see him. You know me, I'm your colonel. Why don't you recall me, and the sentinel, not to be daunted by his officer, threw him. "Look at me, said he colonel, in command and of the whole of some moonlight bustard, to the side of the sentinel, "and by the moonlight, and pleased and gratified on his late examination, you found you did not know the colonel's voice? Don't you know me by sight?" "I do not know you, sir, by sight," said he, "but I do by your voice." "But we must go by," said he, as they remained their inner upon. "There will be no harm done." Quickly the sentinel threw up his carbine, with his hands upon the lock, and his finger on the trigger, and cried out—"Stop! you are not enough—I must stop they fall—there was some one coming. Here is a party and to a front," said the sentinel, and the colonel looked more with vexation. They turned their horses' heads together, and rode back to the tents. "Where is the officer of the guard?" said the colonel to the sentinel in a loud voice, after having back and forth across the pass before him, and who showed no disposition to move his station. "Some into the camp," was the reply. "Well, send after him, then." Should like to remonstrate you, gentlemen," said the officer to the pass.

"Here, then, was a predicament. They determined, and set to the ground, holding their horses, waiting for the officer of the guard. Supper might was over; the moon was, and had been the whole day's march on the North. They tried to laugh, but they were too cold. They could not talk, with the sentinel, but it was to no avail. So he paying his position, would not, and the colonel, his horse (which seemed one to them), the officer of the guard, who had been down to the main guard fire, enjoying himself lustily, finding that it was time to relieve the sentinel, ordered him to attend to find the colonel, adjutant and a number sitting on the ground, in the cold, without even a blanket, shivering as though they had the ague. He let them in of course; and they were glad to get to their tents and their blankets, and with laughter in the morning, when meeting Satin in camp, they complimented him highly; and he brought to the colonel's consideration his previous order, that no one, not even himself, should pass at night without the countersign."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia: SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1848.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves now and get up large clubs for the monmouth Post; for if they do not find continually in take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to their friends, influential and inexperienced men, who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the Saturday Post, to those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains all compilation. Let the postage—just the same as other papers—be in the normal and power of the small reporter.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it forwarded sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as the town, to avoid delay in time.

Post Masters or others sending for a rib, would confer a favor by inserting their name in the list, when they can do so conveniently.

AN ENGLISH OPINION.

Fraser's Magazine, for July, contains an article upon the battle of Buena Vista, which, although brief, excites the success of the Americans was owing to their mental superiority and the physical inferiority mentioned" on the part of the Mexicans. The writer closes his article with a groans, crowning till you are able to behave like gentlemen to fully."

The battle of Buena Vista presents many curious points of view in the military science. It will impress that superiority in numbers and discipline, and the consequent superiority in the use of the best united against however small a force possessed of the latter qualities. The Mexicans, with their overwhelming numbers, the weight of their cannon must have pushed the enemy from their position—must have crushed them by the mere weight of mass. still in scattering-ers the strong position of Buena Vista. The mountain-pass behind them, the difficulty of ballcle (a town capable of affording a strong position), and the consequent difficulty of their General's safety. Although the immediate decision of Santa Anna's fate was protected in another part, the nature of the country, there were still many practicable positions from which the enemy could annihilate and gain his rear; and this was actually effected by Lane and Lincoln. But Santa Anna was also unable to detach sufficient body of troops to turn the American left, and to cut off their line of the day the Mexicans had gained the victory. Sand, flesh, and rest, with overwhelming numbers, on the Americans, or Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma, Taylor proved himself to be a brave soldier, and a good general, and although it certainly was the gallant little American army did all men could do, he was not to be forgotten that the victory must also be attributed more to the consummate skill of their own general, or even how one individual can influence the destinies of a whole army.

The following images it is almost unnecessary to say, are from the Mexican side of the question. In any degree, a single spark of what we understand by the word "honor" is to be found in the Mexican army, but indifference to the fear of death. Their officers are generally ignorant to a fault, and of any officers in whom he places the slightest confidence. The men have the appearance of the Americans during the present war have remained with their flesh in proper order to courage, and to this alone; for there has scarcely been one action in which the Palo Alto is the capture of the city of Mexico, in which the American generals have not been opposed to the most perfect system of military manœuvre; and, depending entirely upon their personal courage, they have come under these circumstances, all their successes have been gained at so much sacrifice of human life.

We have quoted the above because we thought it might be interesting to our readers to see what the English Magazine writers say of the war. They may less to say upon the American successes, but they seem to make one or two remarks.

The fault found with Taylor, that he acted as an "order want of skill" in not pursuing the enemy in preference to remaining within the walls of Saltillo, reminds us of the objection that was at one time made to Wellington, that he was not a great tactician. "Confound the fellow," they would say, "though you can't deny that he is a clever one, he does not know how to fight." But the Duke of Wellington's fame has survived the sneers of his detractors, and the world gave him the credit of being a great captain, notwithstanding he so shocked the old Frenchmen by his system of carrying on a campaign for its purpose.

Now in relation to Taylor's course on the occasion above referred to, we may say, that if he had simply marched forward in the manner that the critic of the English Magazine would have done, he would not arrive where he is now. Very prudent, in one sense, Santa Anna would have swept by him with a large force, and cut off the American army from supplies, and taken possession of the whole valley of the Rio Grande. Besides a great many men are called "cowardly" because he compares the reality of his own force with that of the enemy, and will not fight unless he has the chance of victory upon his side. The result proved Taylor's sagacity. He found Santa Anna in his front, and Mexicans behind, and he played high for a great stake, with large odds against success and loss. What must Old Wellington at Waterloo! What great skill, in one case, was displayed there! The indomitable courage and resolution of the British troops, and the skill, on the same qualities in the Americans was the same. And yet there were many more British critics to disparage the skill of Wellington, because they could not see the value of a great tactical battle under the bullding-courage of his troops.

It seems difficult to please some of our British friends. If we march forward and meet the enemy and without the loss of a single man; and the Europeans would have exclaimed, "Oh, what a fine thing—I was cold-blooded master, he &c. In this country, should Scott succeed in the capture of Mexico, and without great commanders and other considerations and blame, some would say that such a fortune from the enemy, and that nearly interference of the point of the bayonet. And now forsooth, we are told that Taylor should have marched on to Mexico, "*the most thorough submission is obliged to*" and the enemy, gaining their entrenches at an enormous sacrifice of human life! Well, anyone look at the campaign of Wellington, because that was the finest example of a great tactical battle under the bullding-courage of his troops.

It seems difficult to please some of our British friends. If we march forward and meet the enemy and without the loss of a single man; and the Europeans would have exclaimed, "Oh, what a fine thing—I was cold-blooded master, he &c. In this country, should Scott succeed in the capture of Mexico, and without great commanders and other considerations and blame, some would say that such a fortune from the enemy, and that nearly interference of the point of the bayonet. And now forsooth, we are told that Taylor should have marched on to Mexico, "*the most thorough submission is obliged to*" and the enemy, gaining their entrenches at an enormous sacrifice of human life! Well, anyone look at the campaign of Wellington, because that was the finest example of a great tactical battle under the bullding-courage of his troops.

We have not yet heard that we have seen, too, from Americans in Paris, there doubt upon the almost British cruelty of the insurrectionists. One writer says that he has seen with his own eyes the women upon the dead. He also says that it was the National Guard who committed the atrocities, and that children were inoculation with their bayonets, before they were murdered. Of course, we do not believe these statements, but they doubtless the greatest. How difficult it is to get at the truth—something the matter, but of the fallen at once the subject of the leading. This is a surety a the Tract Society's publications, and the Sunday School Union, the Assembly has recently done. A de- ficiency of some thousands of dollars in the fund of last month's receipts, and the Assembly will be told before January, this debt will be free from taxes for ten years, and these societies will be relieved from a burden which has pressed for many years. Let us hope that the next month's receipts will be sufficient to meet the debt, and that all our labor will be free- ed to the highest bidder. At her death the property will probably be sold.

GERMANY

The election of Baron Von Gagern as Regent of the German Empire, appears to have been generally received with great satisfaction. The news of it was celebrated in Vienna and Prague with the guns and a display of flags. While even the Prussian Government has expressed its satisfaction, and the Prince of Prussia has been appointed by the Regent to represent him at the Court of Berlin, as the Emperor.

It is said that the Prussian cabinet has resolved to introduce a bill shortly into the Constituent Assembly of Berlin, having in view the total separation of church and State. The Jesuits and other religious bodies are concerned. The present minister of public instruction, Herr Von Ladenberg, is a decided opponent of the Jesuits, and has taken up the principles before the Assembly.

The Constituent Assembly of Austrian Constituent Assembly are said to be gloomy. The Cologne Gazette states that "among twenty-two members now present in Vienna, there are only two who are democrats. The same is the case with Styria, where the Archduke John has been unanimously elected by the Diet. Even in Bohemia, the Democrats, or Republicans, are very few in number."

The Diet at Frankfort has been busily engaged in the discussion of the Constitution of the German Empire. It has decided that the Emperor shall be hereditary, and that the German Empire shall be a constitutional monarchy. The present minister of the Empire is Herr Von Schmerling, who is a decided opponent of the Jesuits, and has taken up the principles before the Assembly.

The Constituent Assembly of Austrian Constituent Assembly are said to be gloomy. The Cologne Gazette states that "among twenty-two members now present in Vienna, there are only two who are democrats. The same is the case with Styria, where the Archduke John has been unanimously elected by the Diet. Even in Bohemia, the Democrats, or Republicans, are very few in number."

The Diet at Frankfort has been busily engaged in the discussion of the Constitution of the German Empire. It has decided that the Emperor shall be hereditary, and that the German Empire shall be a constitutional monarchy. The present minister of the Empire is Herr Von Schmerling, who is a decided opponent of the Jesuits, and has taken up the principles before the Assembly.

GEN. CUSHING.

General Cushing seems not to be a favorite with the Democratic Administration, while all parties unite in such regard and duty office, it is said, as Cushing. He was the first to propose the annexation of Texas to the United States, and was sent to Congress to Boston. It appears that they were favorable to the measure, and thought to compliment General Hall, General Cushing being present at an invited guest. A complimentary toast was accordingly offered to General Hall, and he was called upon to respond.

This was the signal for a scene of uproar and confusion which lasted for some minutes, and through with its speech. On rising to speak, the General was met with cries of "put him out," "down," and "turn him out," and the like, and the confusion was such that he could not be heard. Quietly he awaited the storm of noise without, and then commenced to speak. Again the confusion was renewed, and the General paused

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Owing to the failure of the Telegraph between this city and Washington, the last week, we are unable to supply our readers with a detailed account of the proceedings of Congress. The most important matter before the two Houses, has been the Territorial Bill, the fate of which we have stated in a separate article.

The debate in the Senate upon the bill, was a most able one. Mr. Douglas, A very interesting scene occurred, when Mr. Dix, of New York, in the course of his speech produced an extract from Mr. Adams' Diary, and a paper found in Mr. Monroe's hand-writing, to show that the Cabinet of the latter were unanimously of opinion that Congress has the power to prohibit slavery in the Territories. These opinions were given at the time of the adoption of the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Clifton said that he, for one, had given no such opinion.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, read the paper of President Monroe, to show that it did not warrant the construction put upon it by Mr. Dix.

Mr. Toombs replied that he had "documentary written testimony which spoke for itself, and he would leave it where he found it."

Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, contended that the Democratic party was pledged to the non-intervention of deciding the question, even if the bill failed. He said the effect of such a decision would be to leave the entire question as it now stood, to be put in action of one-half of the country, whichever way the question was decided, and that the South would not consent to be made a scapegoat and be "Congressed" out of the Union.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, took a different view and addressed the Senate in support of the bill as the only one that would settle the question forever. He spoke, not as a slaveholder, for he cannot go above, and never expected to own any, but as being nationalized, long since, the few left him by his ancestors. He spoke as one determined to uphold the rights of the South. He appealed to Mr. Corwin to go for the bill, and thus avoid making a Kansa question, which would be the same thing which could not be compromised if the bill were defeated.

Mr. Bell thought the bill was defective, and that it would be better to leave the matter as it was, with certainty that the decision of the Supreme Court would be acquiesced in by those against whom it should be given.

After the disposal of this bill in the Senate, the bill to grant Mr. Whitney a tract of land, in advance of land, to enable him to construct a railroad to the Pacific coast, was brought up by the chairman of Col. Benton. It appears on that it Nicholas could have been found to vote for such a project. Lord, at one time, was in this scheme, but hundred millions of acres should be bestowed upon any man for such a purpose.

On the 19th, Mr. Benton gave notice that he would, on the next day, move a bond for the payment from the Act of 1854, to enable the President to establish temporary governments in Oregon and Nebraska, in the event of nothing being done.

Mr. Brown, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill to grant certain public lands to lands in California, and grant donation rights to actual settlers.

Mr. Hammond, said, and he had not intended to closed the bill establishing the governments of Oregon. Now that it was through, he would move with a notice given by him, because he had become satisfied that other bills would be defeated, and the question had already passed, that it would be in order to move a bond for the payment of the Act of instrument, and he thought it would be better to award the action of another Congress. As to non-action, he was not responsible for it, and he knew it was still together with some of them, and would bring back the decision.

The Mileage Question came before the Senate, on the bill to amend the 4th section of the Act to carry the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, limiting the mileage of members to one thousand dollars This bill was reported from the Committee on Territories, closed the debate on the bill in a speech of two hours, in which he showed that since the 20th Congress, where many Southern members then present voted in favor of prohibiting slavery in Oregon, He, however, considered that the way to better Mr. Witmer introduced his Proviso, which he said was the same as that of Mr. Wilmot. Mr. Mr. Smith had concluded, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

In case of the passage of this bill by the House, with the motion of Mr. Butler King, the Committee of the Whole was discharged from the further consideration of the bill providing for the payment of land to the Georgia, Alabama and Florida Railroad, by a vote of 111 yeas to 70 nays.

Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky, then moved to lay the bill upon the table. The motion was negatived—yeas 97, nays 97—the Speaker voting in the negative.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the Senate to the joint resolution of adjournment. So Congress will adjourn on the 14th of August.

LAID TO REST.

A correspondent of the Milford (N. H.) Mirror relates the following. Is it possible that it can be true? We can better appreciate the value of Gladstone when we lately quoted in connection with the Ionian Islands at Paris, that such valid-blooded scarcity as this:

About two years ago, a wealthy and influential widower of some sixty years, in this vicinity, became, based on amiable and beautiful girl of eighteen, named Mary ——, whose parents were poor, but refined and honorable. A few months after they were married, the husband was taken sick, and after lingering for several months, died. The young widow had married in that place by an Episcopal clergyman. She had no relatives in this country, and here we lived till a short time since, when Dr. —— received a letter from a clergyman in London, informing that they had never been married! Whether she had been deceived in the form of marriage, or had consented to the deceit, cannot be ascertained.

A poor victim, driven in despair from the home in which she had been deceived, wandered about the new walk, and then rendered an entrust from society, she could never return to her parents, who despised. She was pointed at her, and to whisper at night to the house of her destroyer, and begged permission to lay down upon the doorstep. Here she lay and wandered long without food, and was starving. At length her wanderings brought her into the front of attracting the attention of the gentleman, who had deceived and betrayed her, whether under terror to show herself there again. She left—this moment—and fled. She was found wandered in the woods, and at night she crept into the house of a poor man, who had befriended her before, and cried for a home. She was rejected

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN KNOCKER.

LOVE'S ASPIRATION.

BY MARY POOL MACDONALD.

What shall I ask for thee,
Beloved, when at the silent eve ar golden seem
I and the Dawns' Throne is clouded here,
And to th God of Love my soul is borne,
Answering through the night the call He sent?
On the earth wraps of Prayer?

What shall I ask for thee
Of the rich pure wonders I observe that meet dale
As dew from summer heaven? Oh! for this
They fresh young spring-time, that the autumn's wane
Fades and hoarier mist in blessings be—
I ask not one for thee!

For though the rose is bright,
It loses its fadden touch in the noon hours;
The rainbow-eyes which fling their dooming light
Over each pathway, stand within they flower,
And Pleasure's wings are dyed in many the eyes steam
Fall on thine not to vain!

Nor can the Wreath abroad fling
Its golden tempters round thee, would I pray
Whatever is to thee the fairest—for, unprayed, it may
Widen its sparkling circles, who can say
What poison lurks in—torn from the glistering
shrine,
I pray not it to thine.

A horse, happier lot,
Would Love not for thee. Answer—calm and fair
Thy quiet life-path, and believing are
Its truest thornless—as a mother's prayer
Of soul-rest to—angel's guidance, whose soft word
A leading hain may bring

A hopeful evening hour
Be that thy blessed gift—a quiet mood—
A faith in luck—a trust in God—and one pure good
And the bright votive gleam, when God shall speak
And I'd the waters "be still." Oh, such will be
My heart's warm prayer for thee.

For thee, fair child, for thee
In thy fresh budding girlhood, shall my prayer
Go up unceasing, that the wisdom
Of earthly years stilening, may not ensure
Thy heart from pot or stronger—but God's own Hand
Lead in the Silent Land.

Ever shall Love for thee
Implore Heaven's best and holiest benison,
In pure power—but prayers which cannot be
The gift of Earth, for this when upward borne
My soul gives—ensure angels' tips of flame
May echo thy sweet name.

Ann, in their world of light
Immortal voices such a mother's prayer,
And while I kneel, some warm wing spreads bright,
Swift on expanded wing, the boon may bear,
And melt in falling dew-drops. Kindly shed
Heaven's Peace after thy young head.

Life in the East.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS MARTINEAU'S 'EASTERN LIFE.'

"I always thought," says she, "and I always shall think, that the first experience of human development I have seen are in the United States—where every man, however learned and medicine-like, can rule, screw, keep his own decree, and rest his own dwelling; and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house, and yet be a lady in the most extreme sense, in the meagre helpless beings whose pre-eminence has wholly in the world of these: here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature." This reflection was recalled to her memory when ascending the cataract of the Nile, where "a boy would come rolling down a mass of coming water as confidently as I would ride down a sandhill on my ass. There arose, in their fishing method of swimming, my mother! like the spoken of a wand. Gliding boys popped in the currents, and little seven-year-old savages went head at the ropes, pulled their little poles, when the handle approached a hole of water, all over the river, the heads appeared between its keel and any sunken obstacle—but after every such feat, they would pop up this to dripping hands, and "homework" I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing, for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage ferocity; and truly it is an interesting sight."

Our author's descriptions of the monuments of Egypt are always happy, but their picture of the ancient capital of the Pharaohs is overcome by its poverty. In the days of Abdallatif, the ruins were not past the space of half a day's journey every way, and the learned physician of Bagdad was in ecstasies of admiration at the spectacle of the ancient city. "At the end of seven centuries," says Miss Martineau, "the aspect of the place is this. From the village of Matchoureh (where now encamped) to (or) can be seen only palm woods, a little pond-rushes, and a screen of vertical ground, broken into hollows, where lie a single colossus, a single capital of a column, a few fragments of red granite, twelve feet high, and some fragments of sculpture among the palms. This is all of the mighty Memphis!"

In her visit to the mummy-pits, climbing and exploring all things so usual, she endeavors to account for the funeral pomp and religious worship lavished upon each and birth, by the contempt of the Egyptians for manual. Let the fate to rise what cause these manners took, upon this point where the camel, the horse, or for ass. Thus one of these spots on her visit and may so which would have been better to have written would analogous to the more integrate of geographical. But such passages would be more suited for intellectual basics—perhaps not her appreciation. A extreme proof of the peculiarity of the latter is given in her description at the ascent of the Pyramid. She forgot to take with her that instrument, usually so indispensable to an absolutely final person—her can-trumpet; but although eagerly entreating for ascent in her, still those around her as might be expected in such new and exciting circumstances, she found the difficulty of having she got down again to common life on the extraordinary of the desert! The view from the Pyramid after all the heights of the ascent and descent, there appear to be no real danger—is described in a sentence, and is probably not worth the trouble it costs.

In taking leave of ancient Egypt, our author gives a picture of its life, which, although interesting, has not exactly enough to tempt us to extract at length. The Egypt is buried in mud: but the desert has answered to the attempts-nature of industry and science: the mud is the source of fertility, before the flood, brought on disease languor, and horrible, stifling, and dreary to see it, that the little girls had desire, and entered at playing here—there, little mounds of mud, and mud-pying jars. We know, too, that some two thousand years before Abraham's visit to Memphis, the people worshipped one supreme God, whose name in this life, and accompanies by acts heretofore, was half forth as the good deeds of human beings. Their passage through death to immortality was pronounced by a trial before forty-two judges, to pass the judge of the quick and the dead. The notions of creation were drawn from the phenomena of the Nile: and were therefore, on the one hand, somewhat of mud or brute, was an emanation from the Supreme: and that the world was only an abode and incarnate: the next being, from its nature and decrease, concrete.

Cairo is a threadbare subject: but Miss Martineau sees these countries to advance us. "In Egypt the reason of Orientals begins to exert itself in eager cases by the intel, hastening each other to be the preference—the Copperfield has English to—and once the Queen can half another Arabian, actually in such a case, and the Arabian is not to find; so people who had a great right, and most in all of encouragement.

In Cairo, Miss Martineau gets into a pecuniary perplexity: exchange changing by caprice, she had previously gone to a money-changer, who liberality, she finds, deceives that "if we are not a lord for a held upon earth, it is when we are a name; and that as polygamy can use in Egypt Egypt is the lowest depth of that hell." Unfortunately her countrymen had not always behaved in best practice had some one fair side, some one in dancing which is not to be found in Egypt, and for side in regard to polygamy, but there is none. The longer one stays in Egypt, the more the first one perceives ado of, the more a one's mind contended with the accuracy of its capacity, and the more does one's best see in it it would bend. The farrowing some does her visit to a house, gives an idea of the scenes which the Egyptian amusement can say brought. The eldest widow who set next one, and the other, who set next to when I said "No!" When she had once laughed she got it down next: laughter out, and she "No" and in this way it came round to me again. But in two minutes it was sent for again, and went round a second time; and afterwards it was sent at the corner set back." And then a third time. Could not have conceived of. The next page is on behalf of the Armenian, four or five of whom sat in a row on the divan, and were all seized with laughter when a clubmoss or a congress and the piece was one of the most droll of amuse. The poor Armenian were obliged to retire among as far as happened to be hilarity: they must not smoke on the festival. The next day, however, the Armenians and some of the young mixed did what was permissible there. Drawing one long breath at once, they puffed it forth in the faces of the Armenians, who opened mouth and eyes eagerly to receive it. Thus was the Sabbath observed to the great laughter."

So much for Egypt and its bath, and its life, present and past. The book relating to Rome is quite as suggestive of reflection, but of many less in extractable matter. Indeed, in of course its less—that mortal half hour less than could be brought forth into the desert a crowd of subject slaves, and converted them into a powerful nation, and who thereof open to his eloquent country-men the infinite mysteries of the Egyptian temple, converting the homeless, in the midst of the gross darkness of the time, into a really "peculiar" people. Our homeliness delineated, as well as they could, the tenet of the wandering Hebrews through the wilderness; and in their journey to Petra, Miss Martineau's recollections of biblical story are mingled with later events. "While ourselves riding by now among the tents of Kore and his tribe, and of the children of Ishmael, whose hand was against every one, or every one's hand was against them; and when, a little further on, we stopped in a hollow of the hills to rest, it was strange to remember how often some here in later days, and what an extraordinary story this was for the merchandise of the East for a caravan-station. Here, in the midst of some long ruins of cassels, holes with the skins, and bones, and hoofs of camels, and the bones of Arabia, and amber, gold, and spoils from Abyssinia, and all the things that the luxury of nations has derived from the far East. There all came through Petra, and were lodged there for rest, and for so little traffic, in a place wholly encompassed by any foe. The eagle might possess upon the hill among the rocks of Petra, and the lightnings might set down from the summits; but no human enemy could enter to steal, or waste from human hand to destroy. Up this pass, then, had wound many a caravan laden with Oriental wealth; and in the hollow had rested perhaps many a company on their bulk, and no doubt many a bullied foe. These circumstances, and the like, had the effect of this day of those old sought to have been living in them: and I enjoyed the traveller, and signal station to the desert warrior."

"I was altogether disappointed in the silk goats of Damascus. I saw very few articles for sale, though pretty, more or less, though the latter was substantial enough. There was a virginity about the patterns—especially about those which were striped lengthways—which made me think of the secret. The famous old Damascus patterns, the inheritance of centuries, and of which every specimen is more prized, have been obtained by Manchester manufacturers, so as to become quite common in the English shops. The effect of this in essence is curious. The inhabitants respect not the goods bought at a price more than their own patterns again, the gentlemen think they look as well as their own ivory silks; and they make their wives wear them instead, greatly to the discomfort of the ladies. The saving of the Damascene has hailed of our shops, in behalf of the East, if we consider the cost of drawing a dozen women in one house—let not Damascus be thought easily content as the heavy allies of Damascus. For my own part, I would rather wear Manchester cottons."

FIGHTING FRENCH WOMEN.

The French have no law; are quick in thought and decision; and always act in concert, under a chief at dictator. They understand military organization and discipline in their infancy, among both children and women, and are in short all well trained in this respect as the other. All the French women stand ready, at a moment's warning, to put on pantaloons, and fight in the ranks of the army for France; and there would be no more trouble on their part than in performing their daily duties. Ask any French woman if she would put on a man's apparel, and take her place in the ranks? and she will answer yes, with an exclamation, of nothing more, of surprise that any one should think it necessary to have an opinion on the subject. And thousand such volunteers could be had at the top of the hour, to invade England, in case we were at all unsufficiency of men for the purpose. All the English women are well endowed with the power of a vast coming down to their knees, a hat tied with ribanded ribbon, and their entire dress in mourning. With the regiments in which the women have seen great numbers of them carrying their children in their arms, and marching on in the ranks and soldiers'air as any man in the platoon; looking as pale and light in the face as the hardiest French soldier. Walking alone in the ranks, or in company with a soldier, and with a musket in their hands, they are as undoubted and soldier-like appearance; and their conduct is as decorous, and their language as correspect, as any officer on the field. There is no fear, therefore, of the regiments in which they are